

The Romances of Walter Scott.

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born 146 years ago to-day, and his works will always charm and interest lovers of romance in prose or poetry. Scott became involved in a \$600,000 failure, and in liquidating this debt—which he could have compromised—his health broke down. His historical novels stand without a peer to-day.

The Fatal Ring

A STORY OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY

Carlslake, Examining the Violet Diamond, Is Spotted by the Police Chief and Makes a Dash for the Open.

SYNOPSIS.

Pearl Standish, richest girl in America, is accused of having in her possession "The Violet Diamond of Daroon." She knows nothing of the gem, which is eagerly sought by the followers of the High Priestess of the order. They dispatch one of their number, Nicholas Knox, to get the gem or suffer death. He holds up Pearl, and she promises to help him. Knox has the setting, and Pearl, knowing that her father bought the stone in the Far East, asks Richard Carlslake, his secretary at that time, to call and tell her about it. Carlslake calls, sees the setting and takes it away at the point of a gun. Later the Priestess and her Arabs appear and he loses it. Pearl and Knox in their search for the diamond have many narrow escapes. Tom Carleton, a reporter, saves them. Tom persuades Pearl to draw Knox out in an effort to learn the mystery connected with the Violet Diamond, but she is not successful. Meanwhile a mysterious lady calls on Knox and tells him the new whereabouts of Carlslake. Pearl and Tom find him and secure the Violet Diamond. Pearl insists on going to the temple with it. There Knox tries to take it from her, but she puts it in a vase and hurries the vase to the street, where Carlslake picks up the gem. Meanwhile Pearl is held for punishment by the Priestess, who had her bound and suspended her feet over a cauldron of boiling lead. Knox pleads in vain for her release, then goes away, but Tom Carleton manages to save her. They escape and Tom sees her to her home.

Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 6.

Copyright, 1917, by Fred Jackson. All rights reserved.

CARSLAKE descended the steps and set off again in search of another taxi. In this one he proceeded to the entrance of a famous restaurant that was once an inn of historical interest. At the entrance he dismissed his cab and proceeded on foot, pulling up his collar and drawing down his hat to avoid recognition.

The head waiter, who knew him quite well by sight, greeted him with a civil bow, and Carlslake asked him in a low voice:

"Have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Stanley to-night, Gustav?"

Gustav shook his head and shrugged.

"Not yet, Monsieur," he replied, "but it is early. Perhaps they will come."

"No; they started before me," said Carlslake.

"But they have stopped elsewhere first, Monsieur? Or a misadventure has happened to the car, no doubt. Monsieur will have a nice table and wait, eh?"

"Very well," agreed Carlslake, following Gustav to a corner table, shielded so that from it one could observe everything and still remain unseen.

Carlslake had hardly seated himself, when the advantage of this arrangement became apparent, for down the aisle toward him came

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Write to Him.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: About four years ago I met a young man with whom I fell in love, and he was reciprocated. A year and a half later we had a quarrel and parted. Since then he has paid attention to another girl.

A year ago February I lost my mother, and the following May my father died. I was twenty-two. The day before my father was buried this young man came and asked me if I would accept his sympathy. All I could do was shake hands with him. Since then I have been friendly with him. Now his father is dying. Would it look forward to writing and ask if I can do anything for him? E. E.

Of course, you have the natural reluctance any fine girl would feel under the circumstances. However much more care for this boy, you must hesitate to take him from the other girl, who probably cares, too. For the present I think you may dismiss that phase of the situation from your mind and think only of the old friendship, of the fact that the boy's father, who is fond of you, is dying. An offer of sympathy is almost required from you. To fail to make it would mean to show an ugly, cold and selfish indifference. Write him a friendly letter, telling him how deeply you, who have seen a beloved father sick and suffering, sympathize with him now and how happy you would be if it were in your power to help an old friend in time of trouble.



A recent photograph of the clever Pearl White, the heroine of "The Fatal Ring."

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film

Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carlslake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

Chief of Detectives Hanna, with Mrs. Hanna and a party of friends. Carlslake's first impulse was to escape—for Chief of Detectives Hanna was the man most eager to capture him. Much adverse criticism had been visited upon Hanna for his failure to land Carlslake behind prison bars, so he was of all Carlslake's enemies perhaps the most to be dreaded.

However, as Hanna and his party settled about a table directly between Carlslake and the door, Carlslake realized that escape was out of the question, since it would have been necessary to pass Hanna on his way out.

Accordingly Carlslake determined to stay quietly where he was, since he was screened from observation—and his eyes twinkled as he realized that the dreaded chief of detectives was actually within a few feet of him without knowing it.

A Strange Happening.

He took out the violet diamond and examined it with satisfaction. There was no question of its genuineness. He beamed as he restored it to its wrappings and slipped it back into his pocket.

But his content was destined to be short lived, for as he looked once again toward Hanna's table he found the chief of detective's eyes fixed upon him.

Hanna had become aware of Carlslake's presence in a most peculiar way. Mrs. Hanna had taken out her vanity case to powder her nose, and Hanna had asked for it in order to look at one eye which was bothering him. As he glanced into the little mirror, shifting it from side to side, for better light, there, in the depth of the glass, he discovered Carlslake!

With a cry, Hanna leaped up and started toward Carlslake. At the same instant Carlslake dashed off round the corner of the restaurant. "Stop thief! Stop thief! Stop thief!" roared Hanna, following swiftly.

Instantly, from nearby tables, the diners rose, joining in the chase and in the cry, but by this time Carlslake had pushed his way through the waiters, had gained the window and had jumped through.

Hanna drew his gun and fired after Carlslake. Carlslake stopped short, and fell—and the pursuers dashed through the window after

him—but ere they reached him Carlslake was up and off again. He hides the diamond.

He battled his way through the crowd of chauffeurs and disappeared from the embankment of Riverside Drive Park. In four minutes he had overtaken it, with the motor at full speed. When the launch was lying still beside the boat Antil ordered:

"Come aboard the launch, Fulgence, stay here and smash open her keel with a hatchet. She will sink at once."

The order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

(Copyrighted.)
PART ONE—(Continued.)
FROM the electric launch the men and the two young girls were watching him, the first attentive and calm, Moissette perplexed, and Vera pale, trembling with flashes of rage in her dark eyes.

"Let us go," said Antil.
He sprang into the launch. Then he ordered all the passengers below deck, went in after them, worked the transformation, and took the helm.

After a few moments' submarine navigation Antil saw the water balloons, and the launch ascended once more.

The hatches were opened at once and the evening sky appeared, magnificently lighted by moon and stars. The sea was calm.

"Fulgence, Ludwig, Albert," ordered Antil, "dive overboard and go to find our boat. Then come back. I will wait for you."

"What are you going to do, monsieur?" asked Moissette. "What did you put in the crevices of the rocks?"

"You will know later," answered Antil. "Besides, if Madame," indicating Vera, "wishes she could tell you now, for I imagine she understands what I did."

Moissette looked at Vera, but the prisoner, cold and impassive, closed her eyes.

The Departure. It did not take long for Fulgence and his two companions to go to the boat, push her off and row to the launch. They had changed their swimming costumes for the more conventional one.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said Antil, when the two boats were side by side. Seizing the surprised Moissette, he passed her into Fulgence's arms. He, in turn, respectfully placed the young girl upon the seat of the boat. He did the same to Vera, except that the transfer was made with fewer marks of respect. The captive did not offer any resistance. She had evidently decided to remain passive, no matter what happened.

"Now, brothers," said Antil, "pull out to sea as fast as you can. In a quarter of an hour I will see you again."

With these words Antil disappeared under the deck of the launch. He closed the hatches, arranged everything for diving, and headed for the channel of the grottoes. He soon emerged in the subterranean sea. With the hatches open he landed on the little strip of beach and lit one of the matches with which he had provided himself before leaving the launch.

By the bright light of the ship's lantern he quickly found the end of the long fuse. He lighted it.

Then he re-embarked at one bound. Quickly, with methodical coolness he went through the diving maneuvers once more.

"The fuses will burn half an hour," he murmured, pressing on a lever. "There are forty bombs. The whole mountain will be blown up, though in half an hour we shall be far away. Just seven minutes later, he came out upon the open sea."

In the distance, under the moon, he could see the other boat which a stiff land breeze was taking out to sea. In four minutes he had overtaken it, with the motor at full speed. When the launch was lying still beside the boat Antil ordered:

"Come aboard the launch, Fulgence, stay here and smash open her keel with a hatchet. She will sink at once."

The order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

Severac's Defiance. Upon the day following that made memorable by Hictaner's appearance and disappearance, the World Congress of Marseilles met at 10 o'clock in the morning. Every ambassador was present.

Although no one was ignorant of the order was at once carried out. Moissette and Vera were passed from arm to arm into the launch. Albert and Ludwig followed them at a bound and Fulgence imitated his comrades after having chopped a great hole into the boat.

Antil, without looking back, gave the launch all possible speed. In three minutes the swift little craft had disappeared in the night.

events met M. White, for the sake of form, repeated the story of Hictaner's flight and Severac's arrest. He then read Admiral Germinet's report containing Hictaner's supreme ultimatum cried out from the sea near the Chateau of If in the night, together with all the circumstances surrounding it.

A gloomy silence followed the reading.

"Gentlemen," M. White went on, "I have the honor of making the following proposal to you."

"You will nominate a committee of twelve to immediately question Severac and like suggest that Admiral Germinet, the prefect of Police and the Governor-General of Marseilles be present with a consulting voice."

"The afternoon session will be held behind closed doors, and then the chairman of the committee will make known the results of their investigation."

"You will then decide upon the procedure in regard to this Severac, as well as to the response to be made to Hictaner's ultimatum. (He is no longer 'the unknown' to us.)"

Repeated applause interrupted the proposals made by M. White. They were put to the vote, article by article and altogether, and were unanimously passed.

Thereupon the meeting at once proceeded to decide the personnel of the committee.

Ten minutes later these twelve persons met in the grand salon of the Prefecture, with Admiral Germinet, the Prefect and the Governor of Marseilles.

M. Cambon, the French representative, was named as secretary, and M. Van Delt, of Belgium, as chairman. The Prefect at once gave the order to produce Severac.

The celebrated anarchist appeared in handcuffs, surrounded by four brigadiers of the police force. He was calm and cold, as pale as ever, with the clear eye and the carriage which gave the man a certain importance in spite of his meagre figure.

The delegates were seated along one side of a long table, M. Cambon having a stenographer seated nearby. Severac was motioned by the prefect to a chair across the table facing the members of the committee.

Severac Glimped. M. Van Delt, a wonderful old man with a fine eye and ironic lips, began the questioning in a thin, high voice.

Severac replied in a monotone to the identifying questions. He did not deny that the Terrorist Rottman and the Anarchist Severac were one and the same.

He admitted in a word, all the attacks of which he had been convicted or merely suspected. It was plain to be seen that the questioned as well as the questioners was in haste to finish the preliminaries.

M. Van Delt said abruptly: "And now, monsieur, will you tell us what you know of the unknown and of Hictaner?"

Severac stood up, and his narrative was rapid, animated and indamed with passion beneath the surface.

He told all that he knew of Orus, Fulbert and Hictaner. He talked for almost an hour without interruption.

His listeners were eager, and M. Cambon, least a word might be lost, never took his eyes from the stenographer's pen.

When Severac had finished talking there were several minutes' silence. Then M. Van Delt said, smiling: "Thanks, monsieur, for your revelations. Later we will draw conclusions from them as well for yourself as for the powers."

"But you have not told us all you know."

"I have said all that I wish to say, and nothing more. Nevertheless, I will be glad to listen to any questions you may care to put to me."

M. Van Delt raised his head with satisfaction, for he loved a tilt of wits.

(To be Continued Tomorrow)

The Longed-for Possession

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

THERE are some purely worldly advantages in not having too much of this world's goods. One advantage is that you are not burdened with a lot of exacting requirements.

If you live on a street of costly homes and very much want a new trinket, you will have to explore half dozen shops or more before you can find the kind that will give you real pleasure. Then, having purchased it, if you have a large margin left for other purchases, you will undoubtedly wish you had chosen another kind before six weeks are out. This is all very unsatisfying.

Now, the little girl in this picture, has never before in all her life had ten whole cents to spend at once. She only has it now because her bright eyes happened to notice a gleam in the mud at her bare feet and upon investigation it with one toe she unearthed a silver dime—the treasure of a life time.

She thought it best to make no inquiries, but with an advisory board of two admiring friends, walked

to the nearest shopping district feeling herself a monarch in her own right.

It does not take long. She does not dream of seeking further than the first street peddler whose glass beads and brass trinkets sparkle in the hot sunshine. How to make a selection? Why to be sure the first one her eyes rest upon. They are all so beautiful. Any one of them will do.

The old man holds one out to her with a jolly smile. She takes it in her hands. The advisory board made up their minds to hereafter keep their eyes glued upon the mud at their feet. No more beautiful necklaces has ever been seen.

The peddler has given her a fifteen-cent necklace for her ten cents, but he thinks it would be bad business to let her know it. He comes of a race many times martyred for supposed greed, but whose generosity to its own poorer members has been long unappreciated.

As she walks back to the neighborhood of her own home she has a few misgivings as to what her mother will say of such an expenditure in these hard times, but the pure joy of possession is undimmed even by this. It will remain so until the last glass bead is broken.

Do You Lead or Follow? By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"I'm bored to death! But everybody's reading this book, and I feel as if I really ought to."

Yawned Cynthia.

"Is it instructive?"

"Not a bit."

"Well written?"

"Not particularly. It's just a novel; but everybody says it's terribly thrilling, and all the people I know are talking about it, so I thought I'd better read it; but I'll be mighty glad when I come to 'Finis'."

"I don't see much in going to the cinema, grimly. 'All the boys at my club are taking it up though, so I'm cutting out tennis and riding, and I'm chasing the little white pill around the green, but I don't see any sport to it and I'll be darned glad when some of the bunch go back to the courts again.'"

"I wonder how much good the exercise is doing you?" asked Cynthia scornfully. "How can a man play a game he doesn't like?"

"How can I read a book he doesn't enjoy—unless of course, it's Green's History of the English People or Nietzsche?" I asked.

First Cynthia gasped, then she picked up the offending book to throw at me and then she joined in Seward's laughter.

There are a pair of them for you—a pair of the idiots who are doing things they do not enjoy and doing them for no other reason under the shining sun than that silly synonym 'everybody' does it."

I have always had a perverse little notion that "everybody's doing it" was a perfectly good reason for not doing things!

When you are floating along with the tide you are part of the movement. If you get far ahead you stand out admirably because of the qualities of your seamanship. If you fall far behind, you show up—less admirably—because of your weakness. But the man who really amounts to something has a tendency to lead even though it be in the wrong direction!

Going counter to popular opinion isn't a popular pursuit. Most of us

are under the thralldom of Pope's unfortunately immortal lines:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Why not, I'd like to know? If the influence of that philosophy had governed Christopher Columbus' life, he wouldn't have dared try for the west passage to India. Perhaps the Potter would have given up his search for a glass. Galileo would not have theorized about the solar system. And, if being the last to lay the old aside were really very dreadful, we might kill off our horses because we have automobiles or stop writing real poetry because we have discovered free verse.

The point is to express your individuality so that it does you and everybody else the most good. You can't do that by depending too much on what other people are doing or by ignoring the fact that they have to be slightly independent on what you are doing.

If you have a new thought which is different from popular thought, why not investigate—why not study it carefully? It may have the germ of real progress in it. It may contain the beginnings of the sort of information of which the world is in search.

The matter with most of us is that we are frightened to death to say, "I don't know." No one worth while despises any one else for acknowledging that he happens to be ignorant on a certain subject. In fact, to confess "I don't know" carries with it the idea that you dare confess because there are other things about which you do know a great deal!

If you are strong enough to lead a suffrage movement intelligently, no one is going to despise you for acknowledging that you don't understand the navigation of a boat. You're only a bore when you pretend that you do and stupidly block intelligent discussion by your pretense of having information on a subject where you can't contribute one real idea.

Don't torture yourself by trying to learn to fox-trot when you really hate to dance. If you are going to be heavy and awkward and hard to

drag about, how can you expect any one to enjoy your performance? But if you talk well the man who gets a chance to sit, and rest at your side may find you an actual asset in a desert.

Don't be stubborn in your refusal to learn new things—but do be selective enough to pick out the things you want to know, the things you like to do—and to stand for something worth while in the field you enjoy rather than to trail in as an "also ran" in a field where you are outclassed.

Not every broad jumper can run five miles, and not every hundred yard sprinter can vault the pole. Be a specialist and learn to admire the other chap's performance enough to cry: "Say, old chap, that's great stuff. I like to know about it. Tell me how you do it."

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

Mrs. Carey Evans, the newly-married daughter of Mr. Lloyd George, recently told an amusing story of how her father, driving home in his dog-cart one day, came across a little Welsh girl trudging along so wearily that he offered her a lift.

She accepted silently. All the way along Mr. Lloyd George tried hard to engage her in conversation, but could not get her to say anything more than "Yes" or "No."

Some days afterward the little girl's mother happened to meet Mrs. Lloyd George and said to her: "Do you remember that my little girl drove home with you the other day?" she said, smilingly. "Well, when she got home she said, 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer, and he kept talking to me and asking me to know whatever he was doing, and I hadn't any money.'"

She accepted silently. All the way along Mr. Lloyd George tried hard to engage her in conversation, but could not get her to say anything more than "Yes" or "No."

Some days afterward the little girl's mother happened to meet Mrs. Lloyd George and said to her: "Do you remember that my little girl drove home with you the other day?" she said, smilingly. "Well, when she got home she said, 'Glad to meet you, Mr. Lloyd George, the lawyer, and he kept talking to me and asking me to know whatever he was doing, and I hadn